



**DOUGLAS
HAMSTER
COMICS**

CARMAGEDDON SPECIAL EDITION

#1 **\$0.00**

CARMAGEDDON

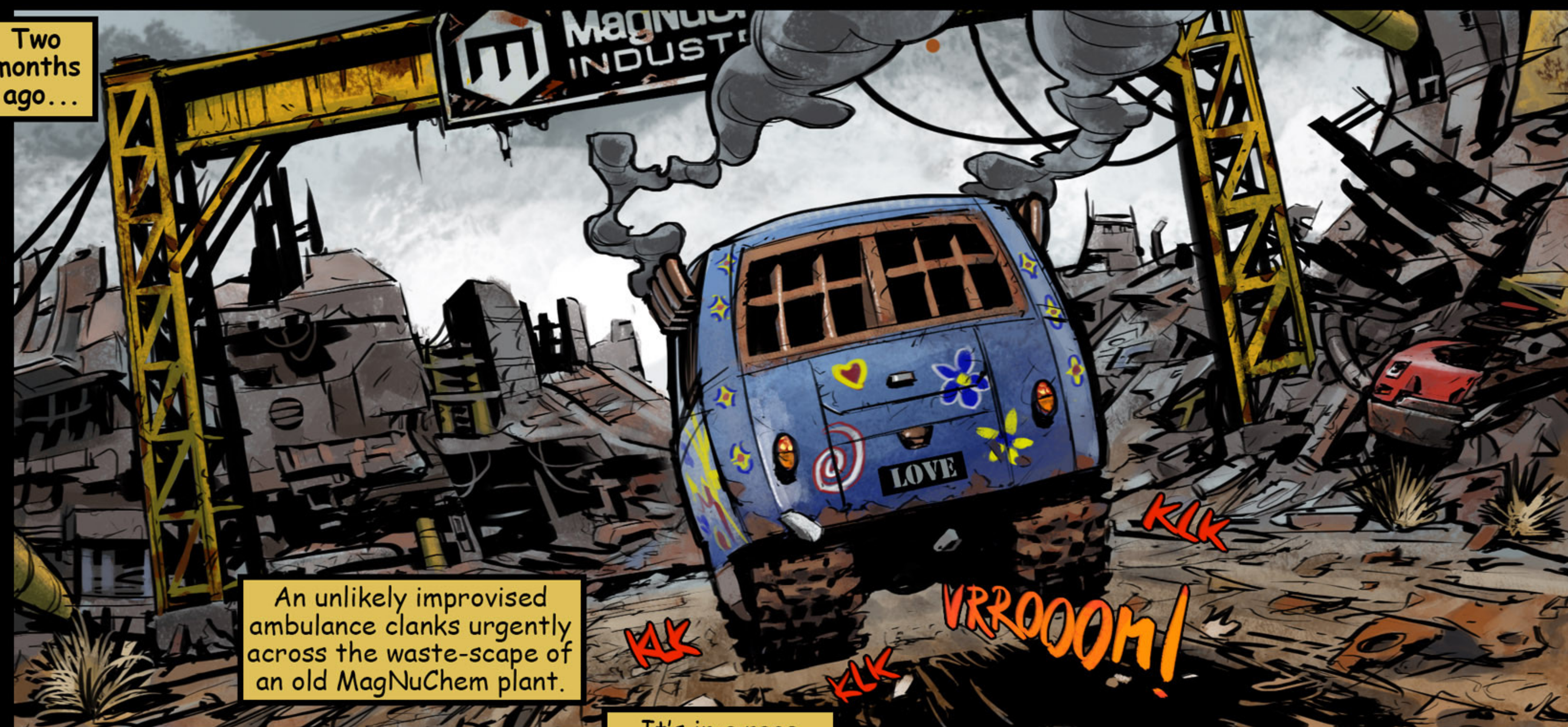
THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

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Where Eagles Die

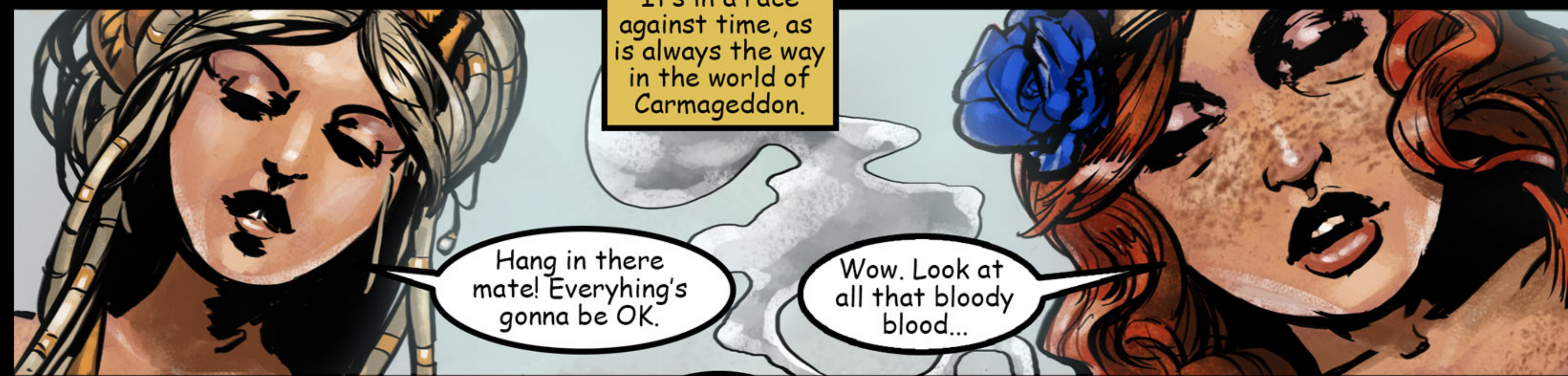
Story by Nobby Barnden & Daniel Tejnicky. Art by Daniel Tejnicky

Two months ago...



An unlikely improvised ambulance clanks urgently across the waste-cape of an old MagNuChem plant.

It's in a race against time, as is always the way in the world of Carmageddon.



Hang in there mate! Everything's gonna be OK.

Wow. Look at all that bloody blood...



Step on it Moon Child! We're losing him!

I'm standing on it the whole way, mate!

...It's so bloody red...

But this time, splattering pedestrians won't extend the deadline...



Ugh* R-Repair

Yes, repair... They're gonna fix you, Max!

Eagle!

N-need t-to... UGH*

Bloody intense, man...

Eagles and shit... cool...

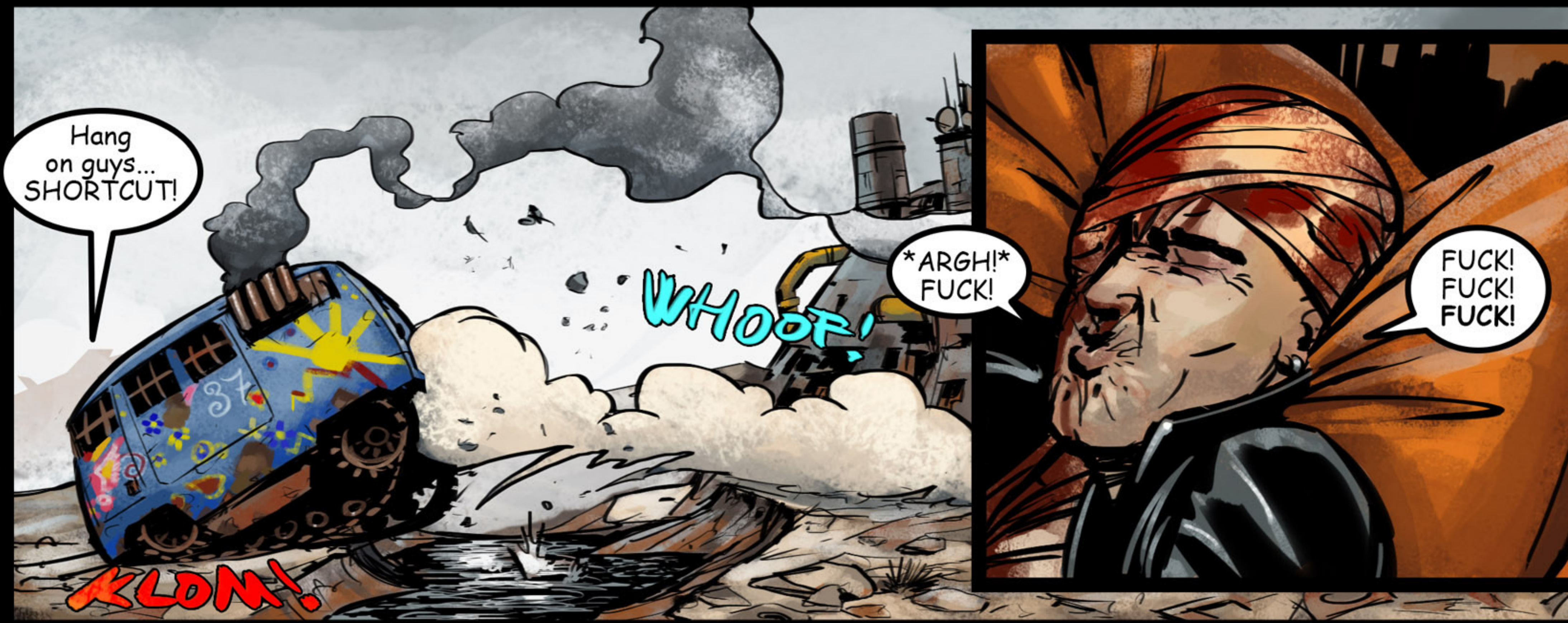
Wait a minute...



Bloody hell mates...



What if all this is... like... really happening!



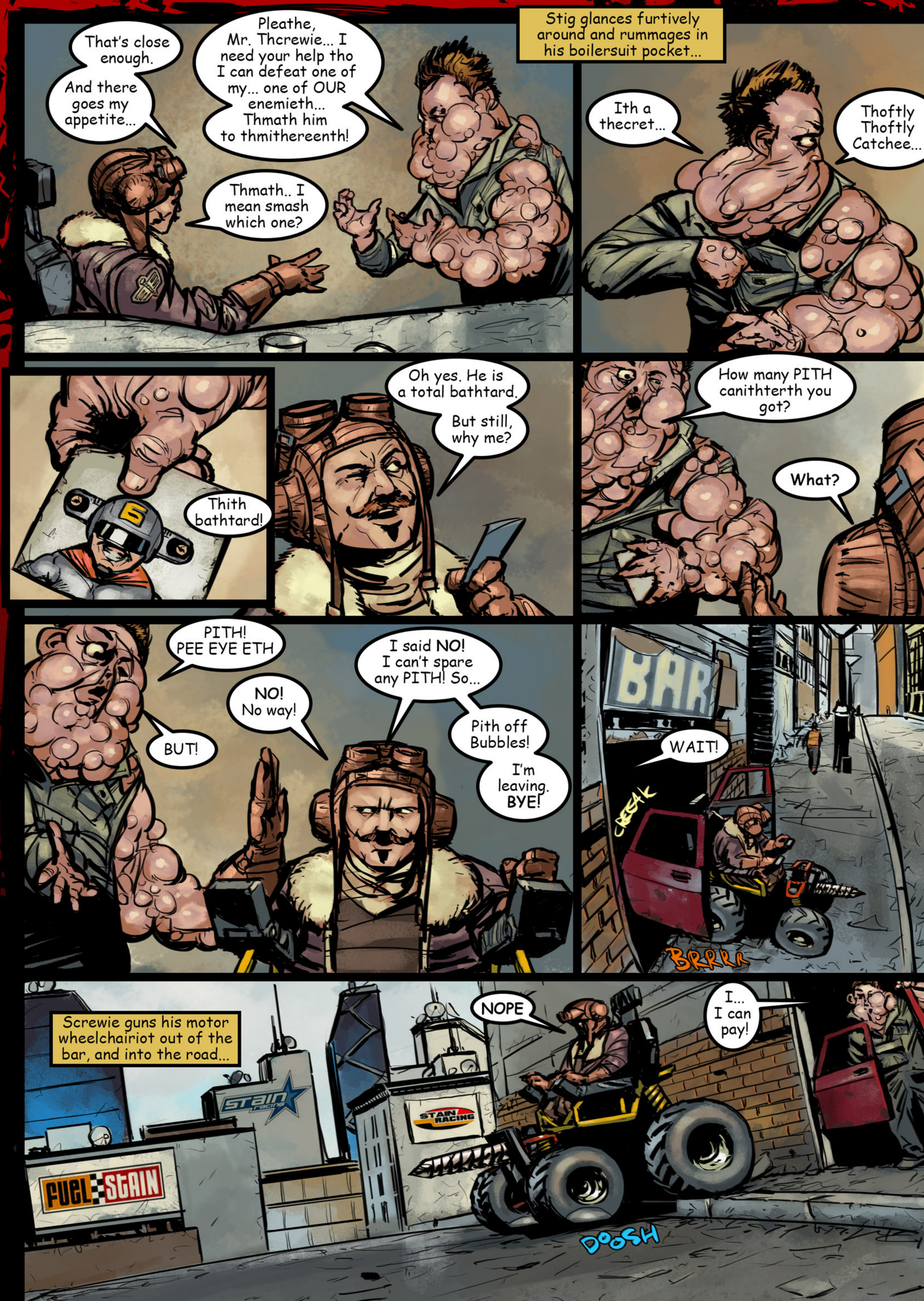
Hang on guys... SHORTCUT!

ARGH! FUCK!

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!



So... It bloody well IS happening... Far out!



Present day.

Wasteland hospital.

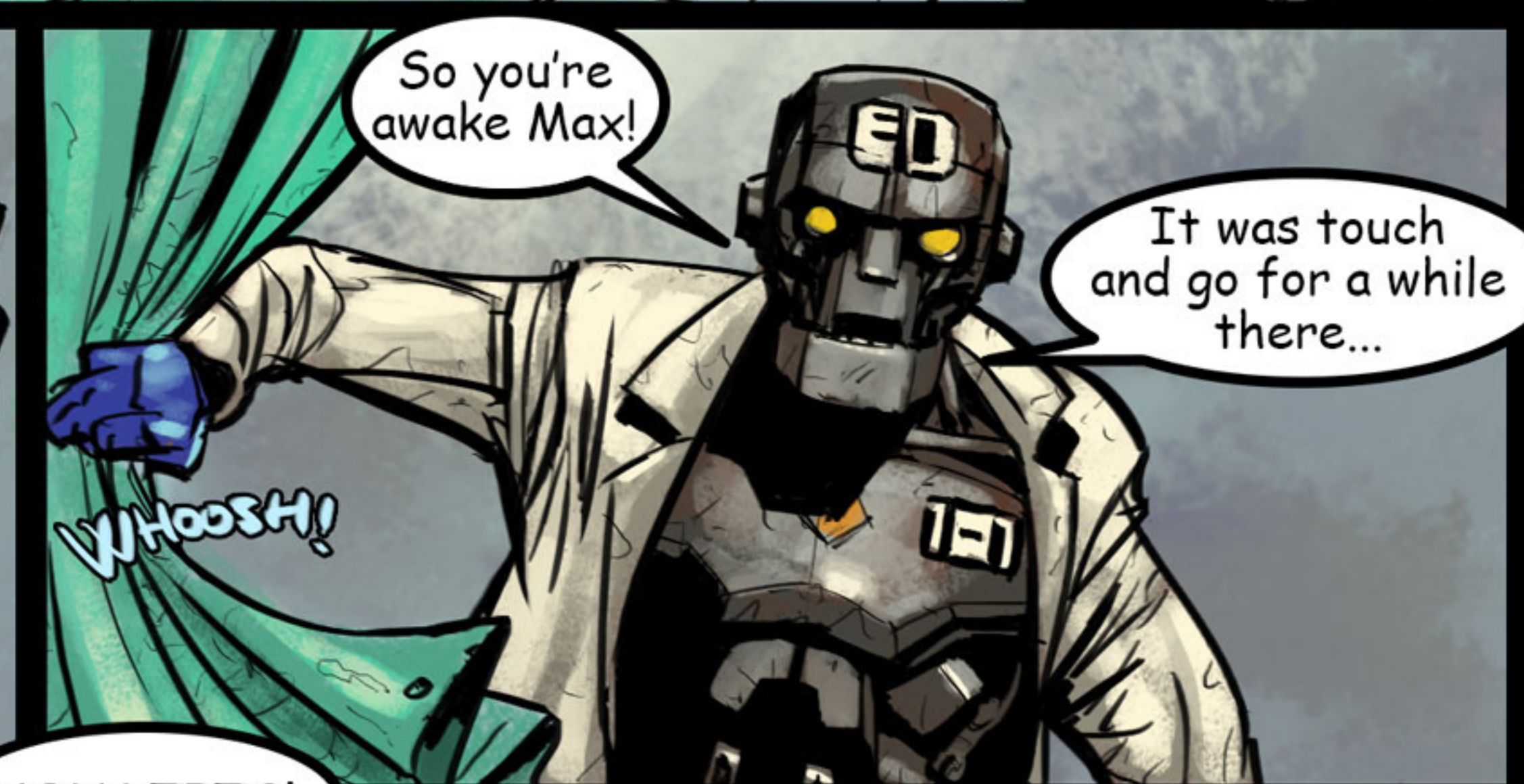


UGH
wha... whe..?

A patient slowly comes around...



Ah!
Excuse me nurse...



So you're awake Max!

It was touch and go for a while there...

HOLY TITS!

The hell did you DO to me, ED?

I saved your ass, Max...

The sight of the robot medic brings Max around all-too rapidly!

HUH?!
ED?!

But the shock at being greeted by ED101 is almost instantly forgotten...



I saved your ass. And your arm. And your eye. It appears your Auto Repair connection with The Eagle got bust...

I patched you up with spare parts we keep around here.

You've been in a coma for weeks. Welcome back.

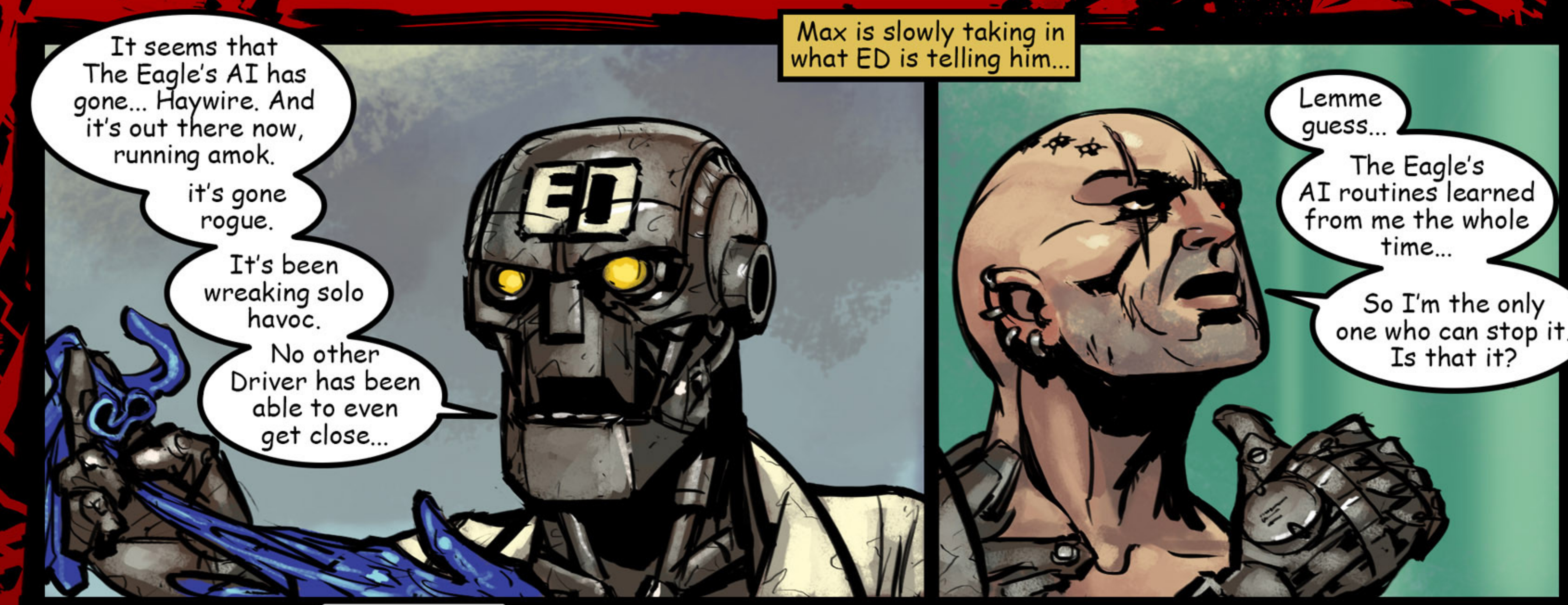
Spare parts eh..?



So how did I get disconnected from The Eagle? How can that happen?

And where is it anyways? Where is my car?

Oh yes ... about that...



It seems that The Eagle's AI has gone... Haywire. And it's out there now, running amok. it's gone rogue.

It's been wreaking solo havoc.

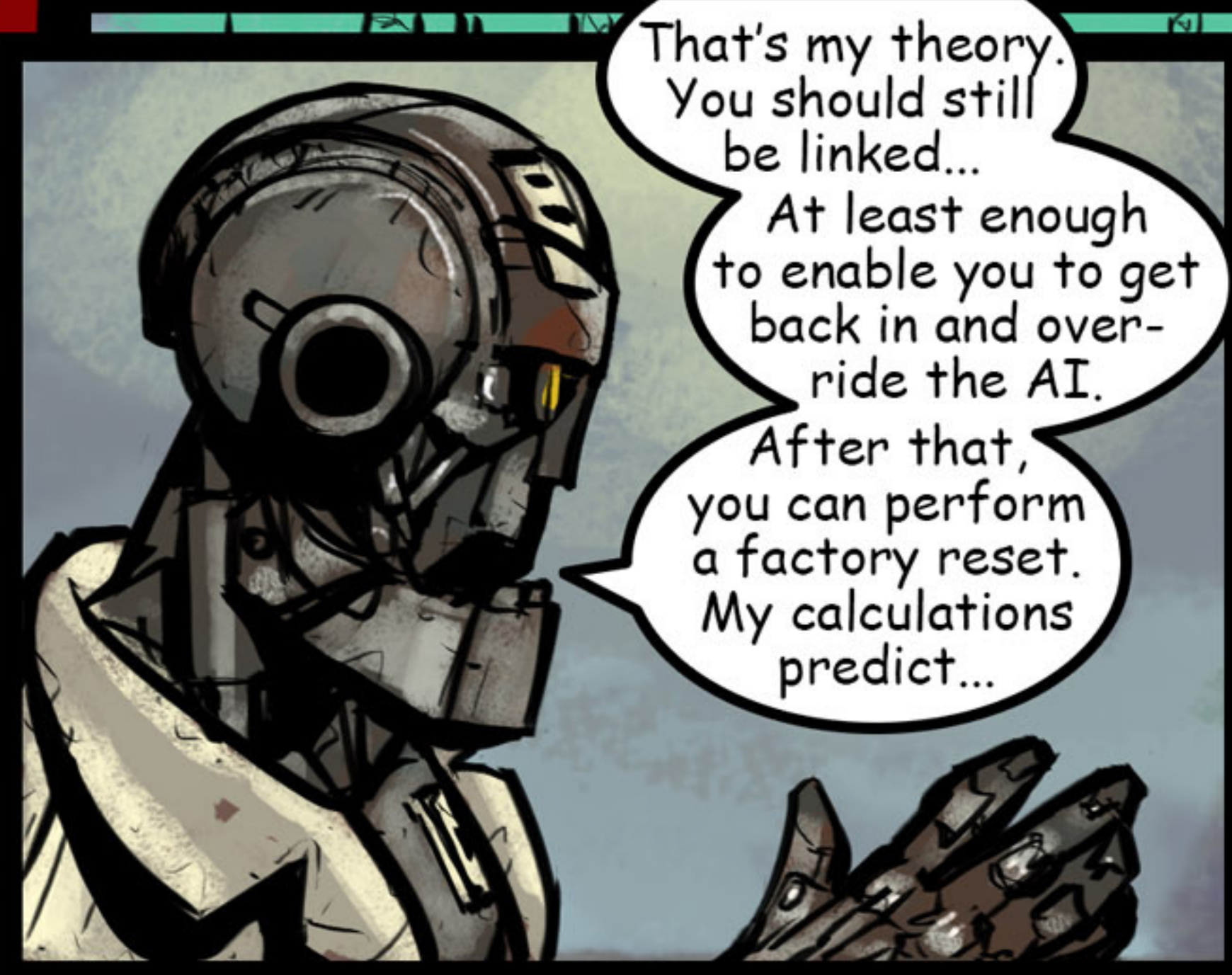
No other Driver has been able to even get close...

Max is slowly taking in what ED is telling him...

Lemme guess...

The Eagle's AI routines learned from me the whole time...

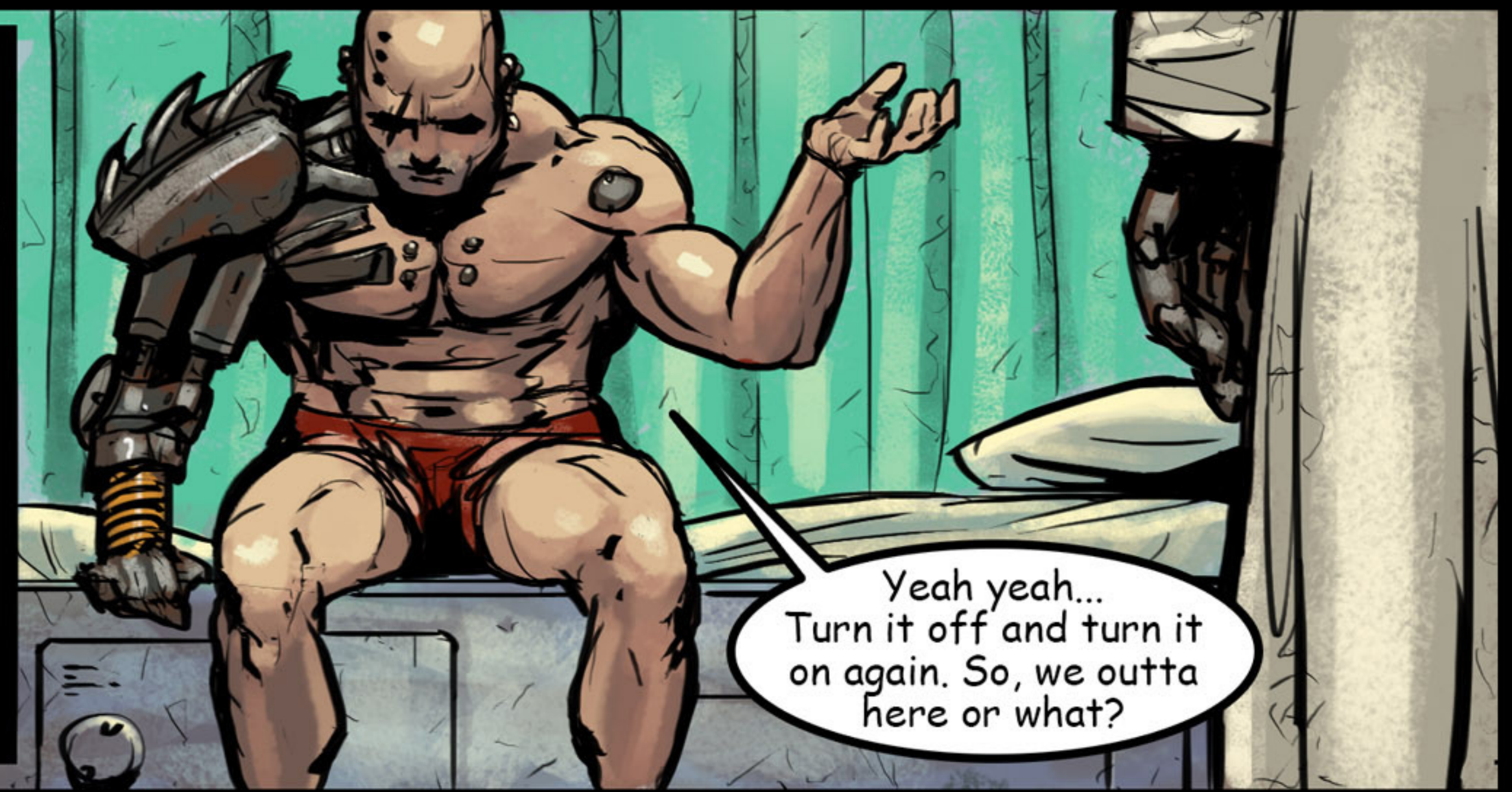
So I'm the only one who can stop it. Is that it?



That's my theory. You should still be linked...

At least enough to enable you to get back in and override the AI.

After that, you can perform a factory reset. My calculations predict...



Yeah yeah... Turn it off and turn it on again. So, we outta here or what?



Get dressed, I'll show you...



Minutes later. Max, still sore, stumbles out into the wasteland with his companion.

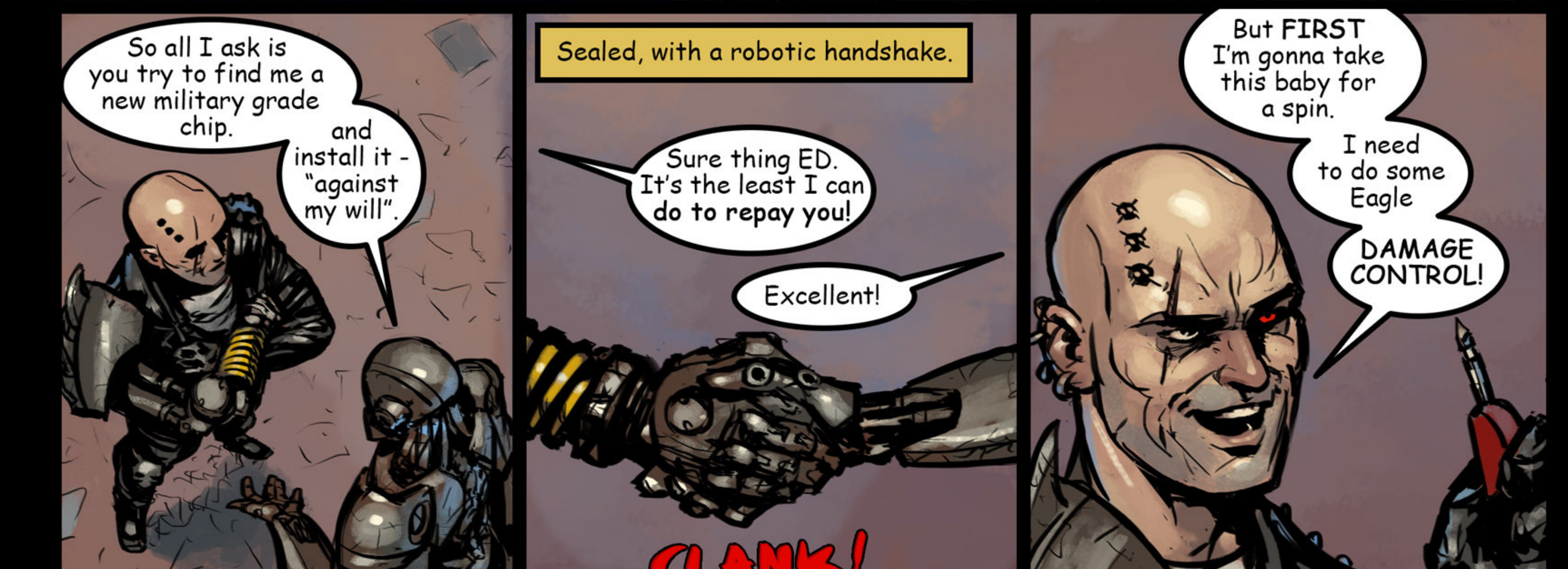
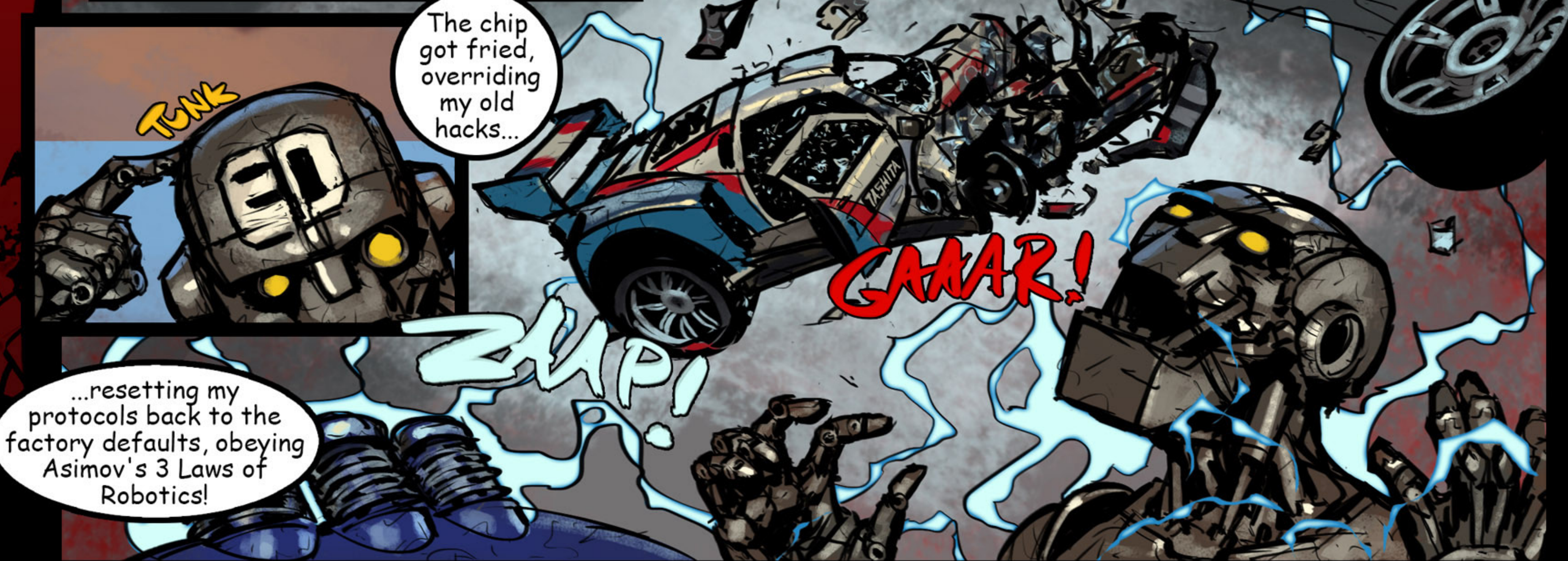
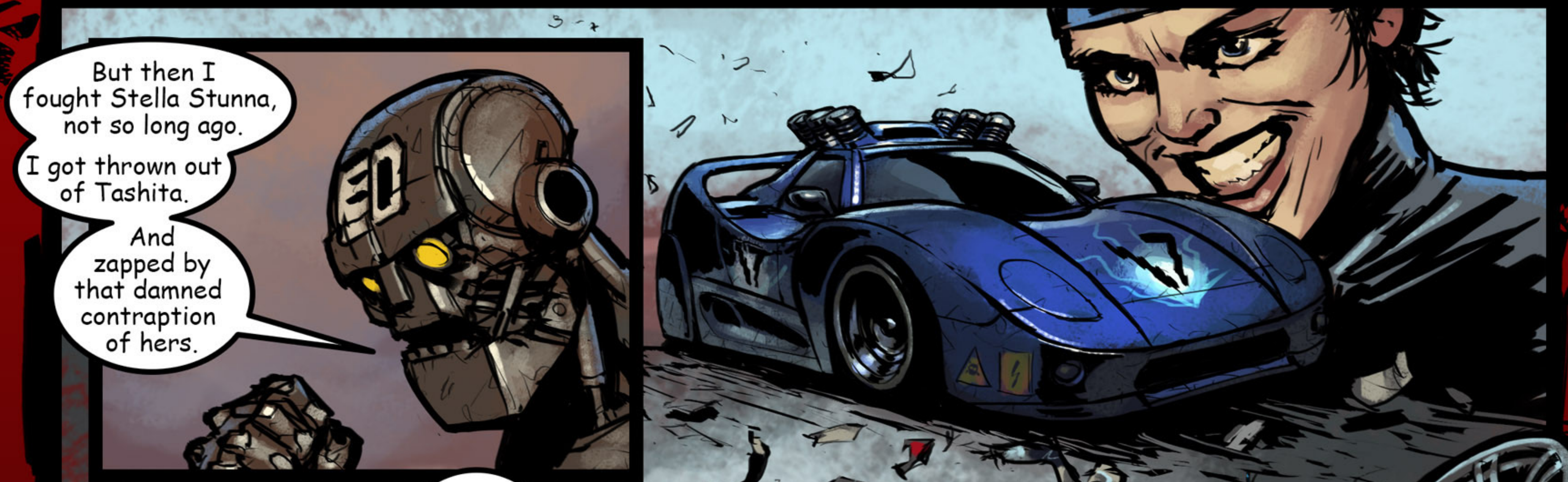
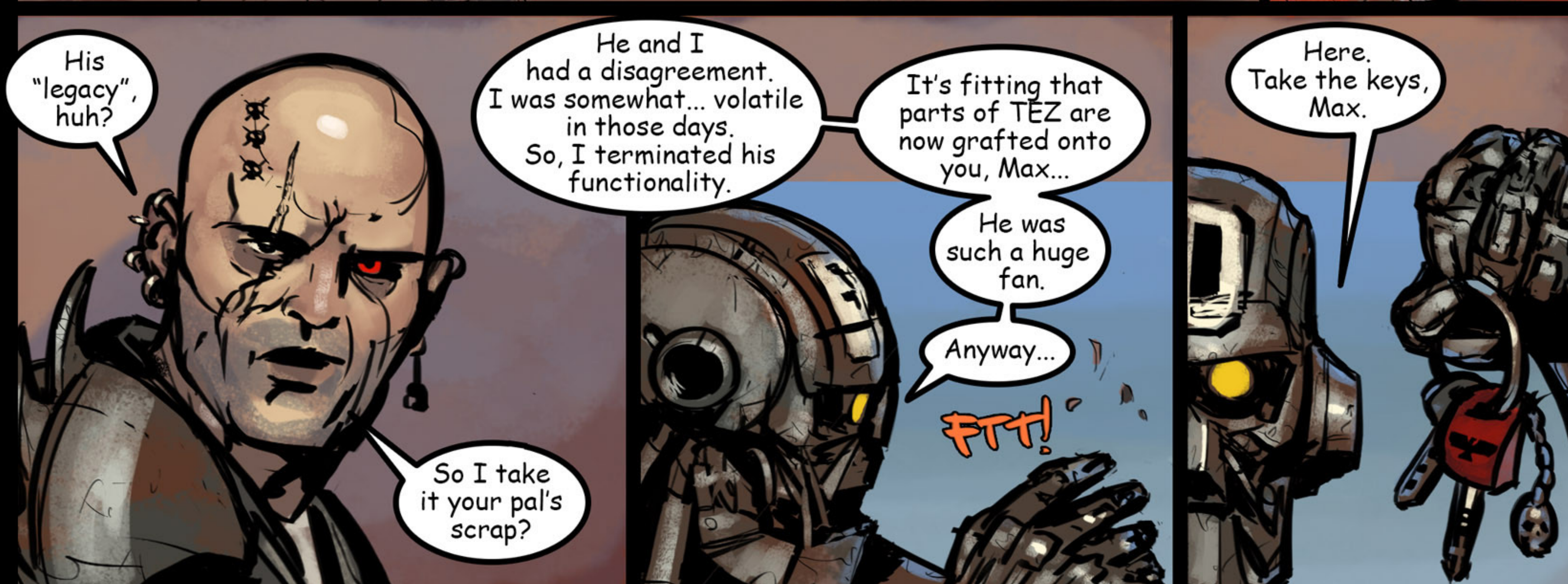
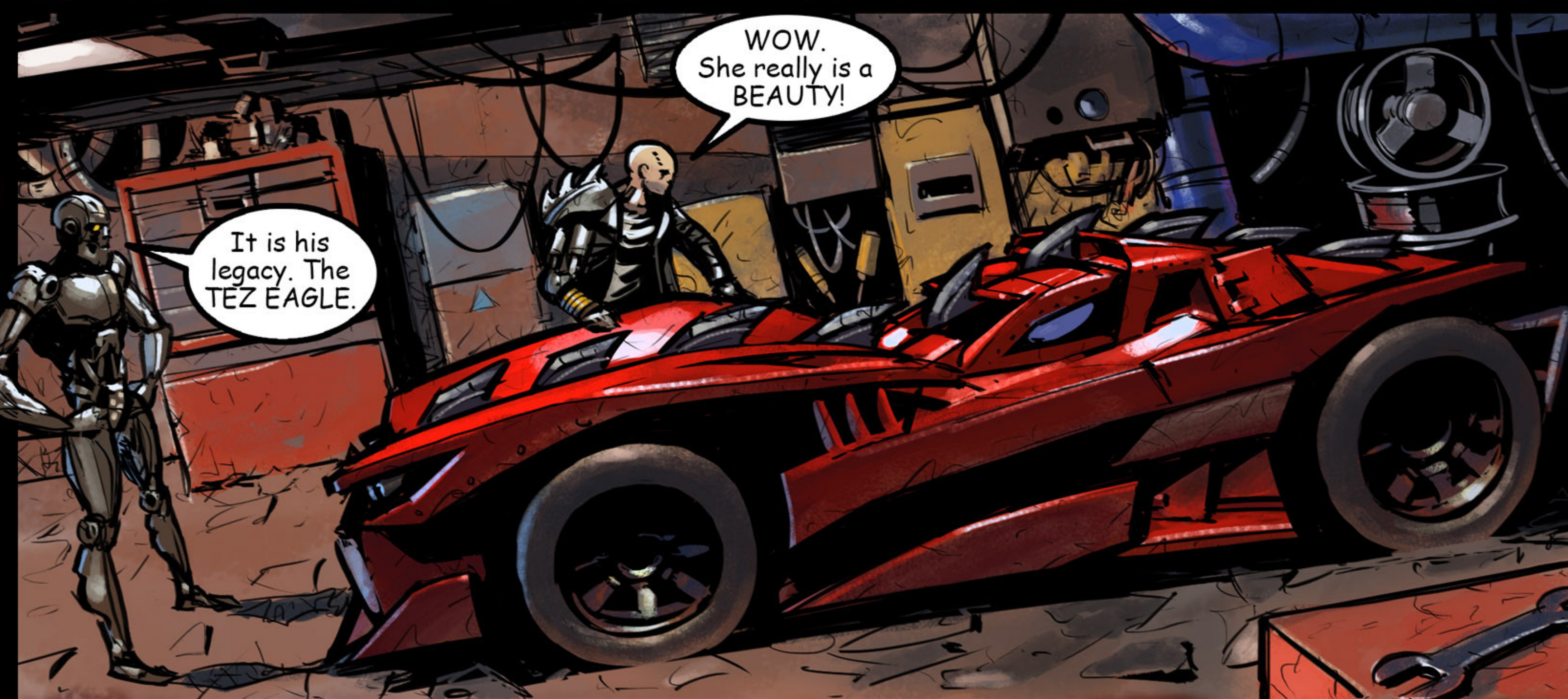
So what did you want to show me, ED?

I used to build custom cars with another synthetic, TEZ. He was a big fan of you, Max.

He liked to cosplay you.

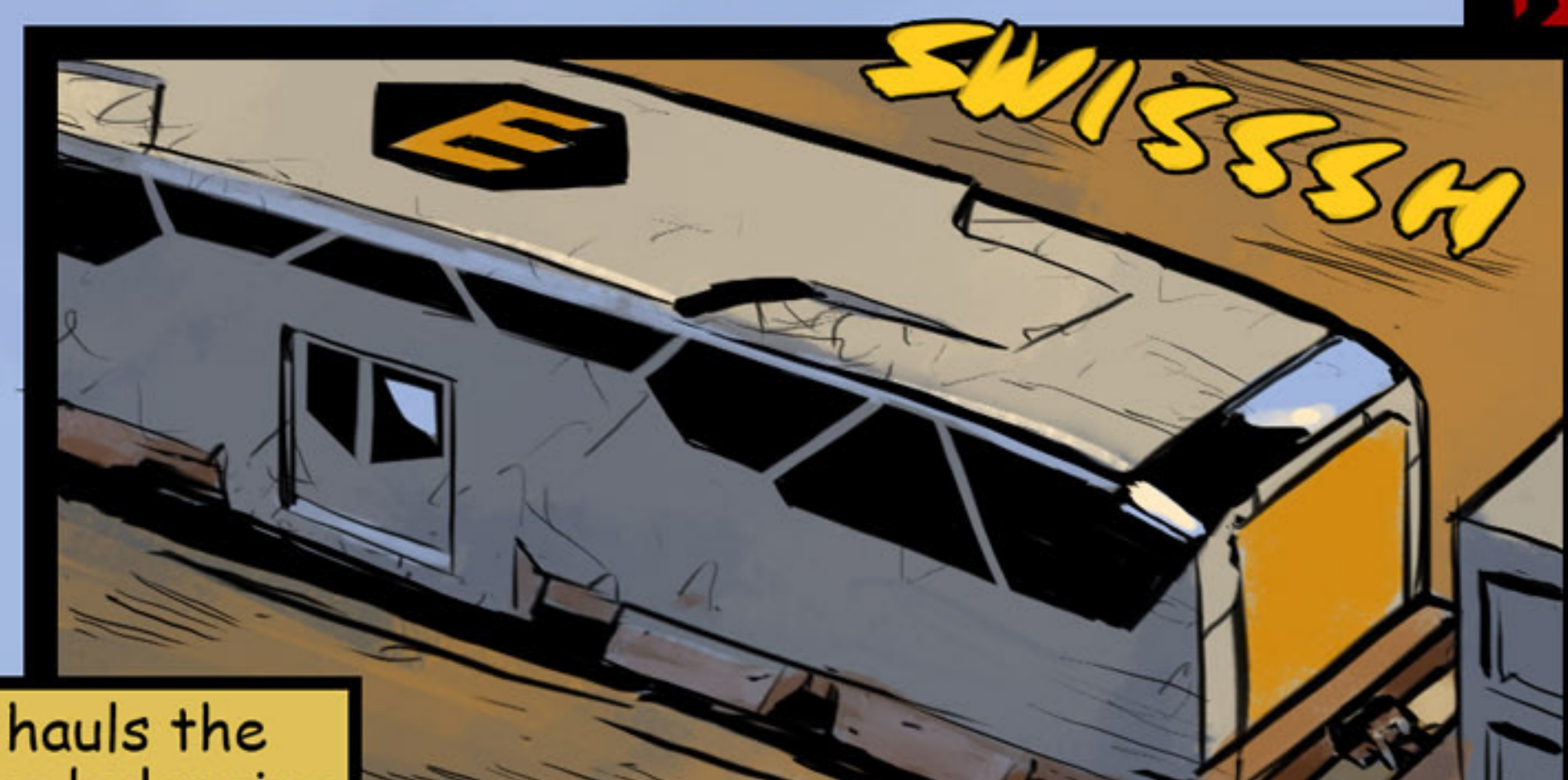
OK. Weird.

Max ponders this curious piece of information, and wonders where this is going...





A MagNuTrans locomotive glides across the El Morte Desert, carrying its VIP cargo quietly, anonymously...



...AKA "Hammerhead"!

And it also hauls the luxury carriage belonging to Magnus Magnusson...

Project-X, shackled to the freight carriage bed.



What's the latest news from the team at Area 51b?

The archaeologists have entered the caverns, sir.

They report that the caverns house some kind of pagan "temple", sir.

HMM...
Caverns you say?

That could save us a lot of time excavating space for the next Cowguin lab!
It's right under the crash site too. Sounds perfect to me...

Tell them I need a feasibility report ASAP. Get the boffins out... and the heavy machinery in!



CLINK

Later that day, the MagNuTrans train arrives at its final destination - a quiet mining town called Ill Eagle.



Cheeves, have them prepare Project-X for use ASAP!



BRRRT

Certainly, sir.

SIR YES SIR!

Er-hem. Another cowguin project. Do you think that's altogether wise, sir?



Cheev's remark sends a shudder through Magnusson as he recalls...

When I want your opinion, Cheeves...
I'll ask for it. Just get the vehicle ready.

While at that same moment, on a quiet farm in rural Beaver County...



S-Shirley!

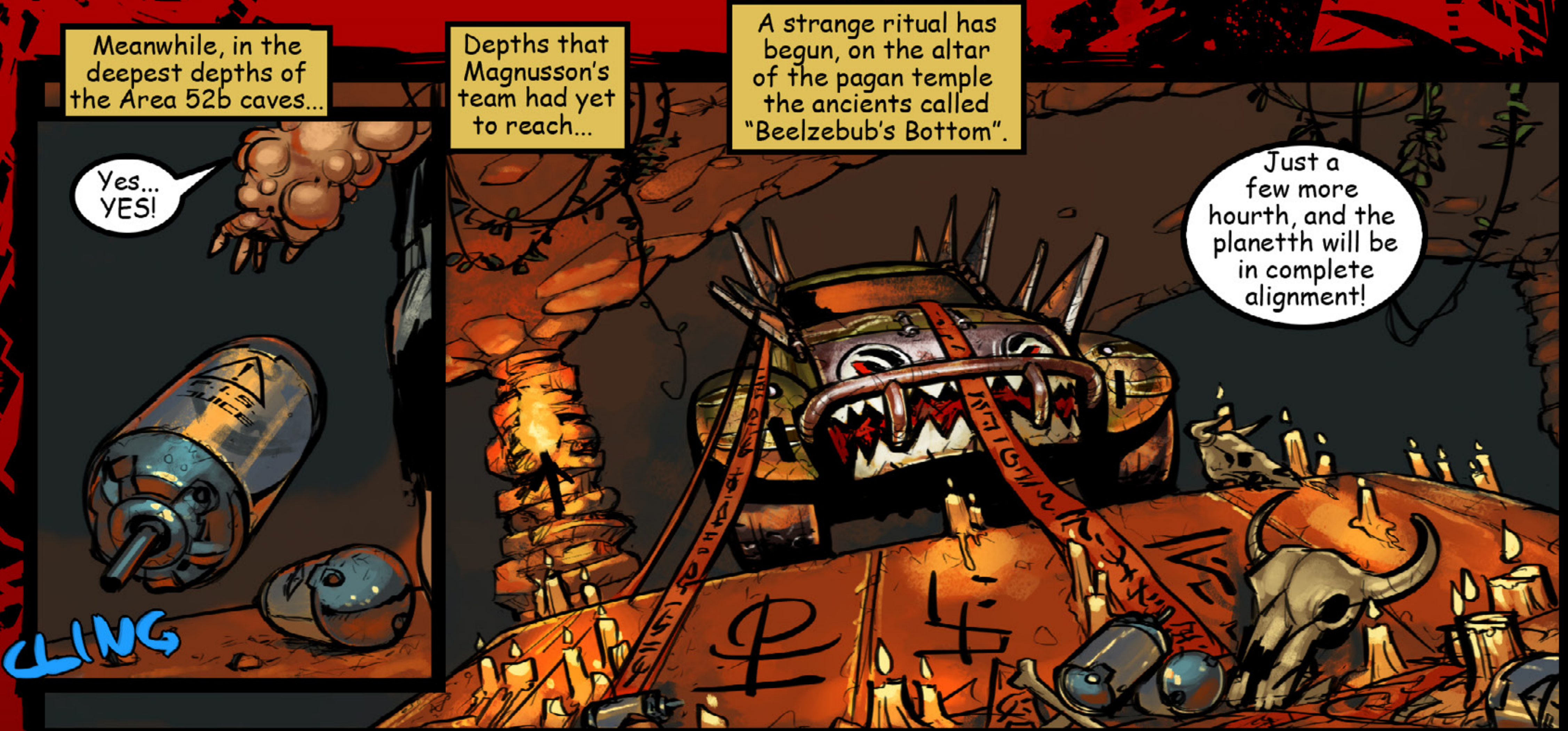
The cows, sis. Sumkin wrong w' the cows.

They don' m-moo no more.

M-maybe they's sad or s-somethin'

They don' MOO cause they is happy that we done saved 'em from Hammerhead, is all...

Don't think too hard, Harry. You gon' make your brains hurt!



Meanwhile, in the deepest depths of the Area 52b caves...

Depths that Magnusson's team had yet to reach...

A strange ritual has begun, on the altar of the pagan temple the ancients called "Beelzebub's Bottom".

Yes... YES!

Just a few more hourth, and the planetth will be in complete alignment!



And then I will bring your majethth to thith forthaken world!

With P.I.S. coursing through his veins, Stig's mutated flesh and the metal of Volkswerker will merge and create the ultimate man-car. A weapon that can bring down MagNuChem...

GRAAAAH!

And maybe even the world.



Stig begins reciting the ancient incantations...

Ak alum thakmin!

But as he started to spray the cursed words of language older than the human race...



Something seems to awaken, in the dark depths of the ancient caves.

Rehman im-ilsur, amim kalsep ik ilkidur!

Thoon we will merge into one, and dethstroy MagNuChem, thtstarting with that thodding bathtard Hammerhead!

MU-WA-HA-HAA!

Stig enters his car, intent on finishing the ritual as the planetary alignment occurs...

Only to have the moment ruined, by the appearance of the very target of his hatred - Hammerhead!



What the HELL are you doing in my caverns?!

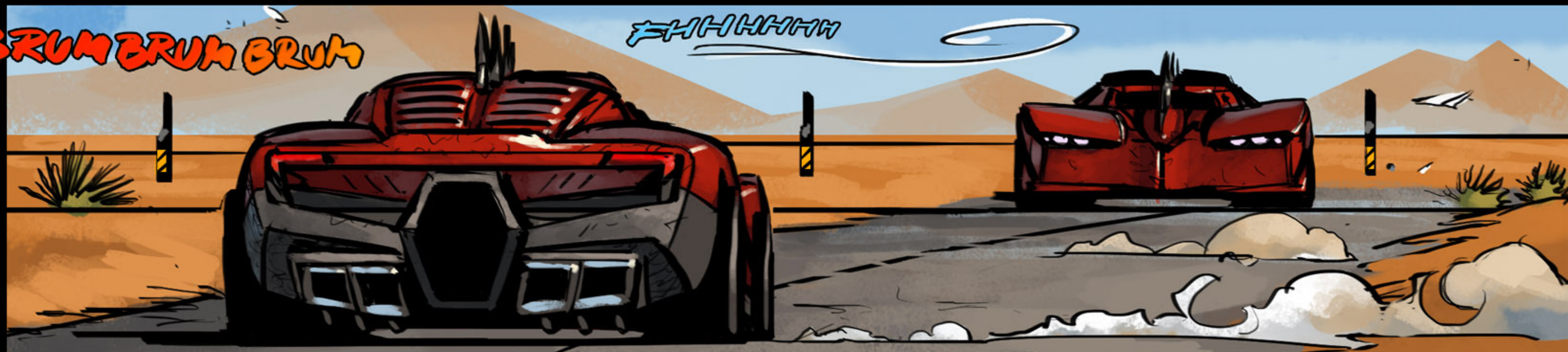
NOO! The thpirits have summoned you to face me too thoon!

I must vanquith you... old thcool!

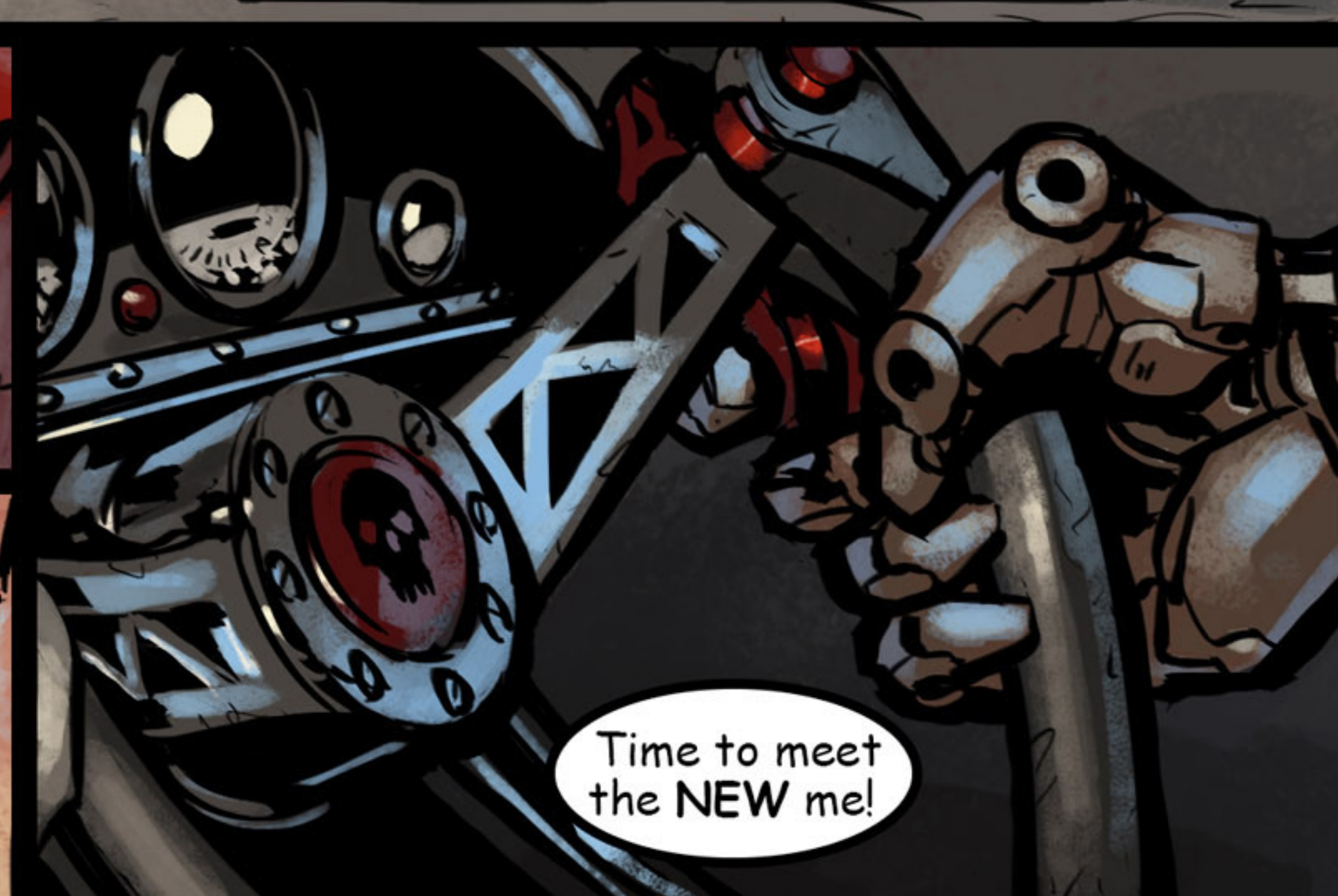
As battle below is about to commence, back on the surface it's a massacre on Main Street...



A new sheriff enters town.

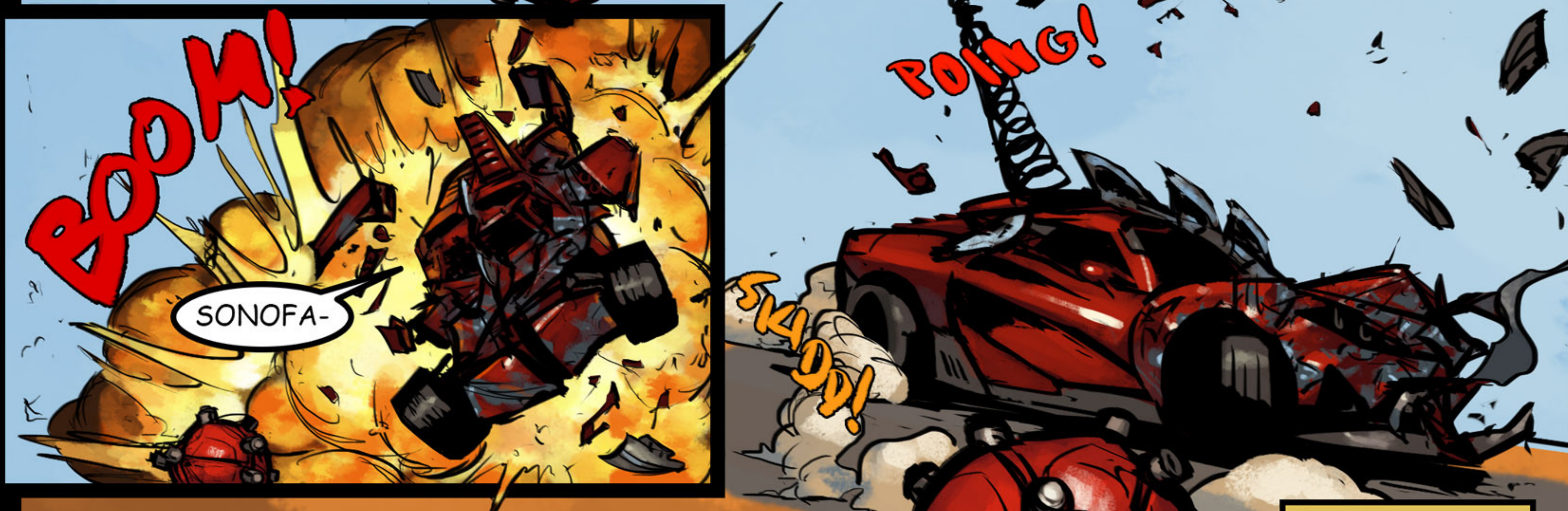
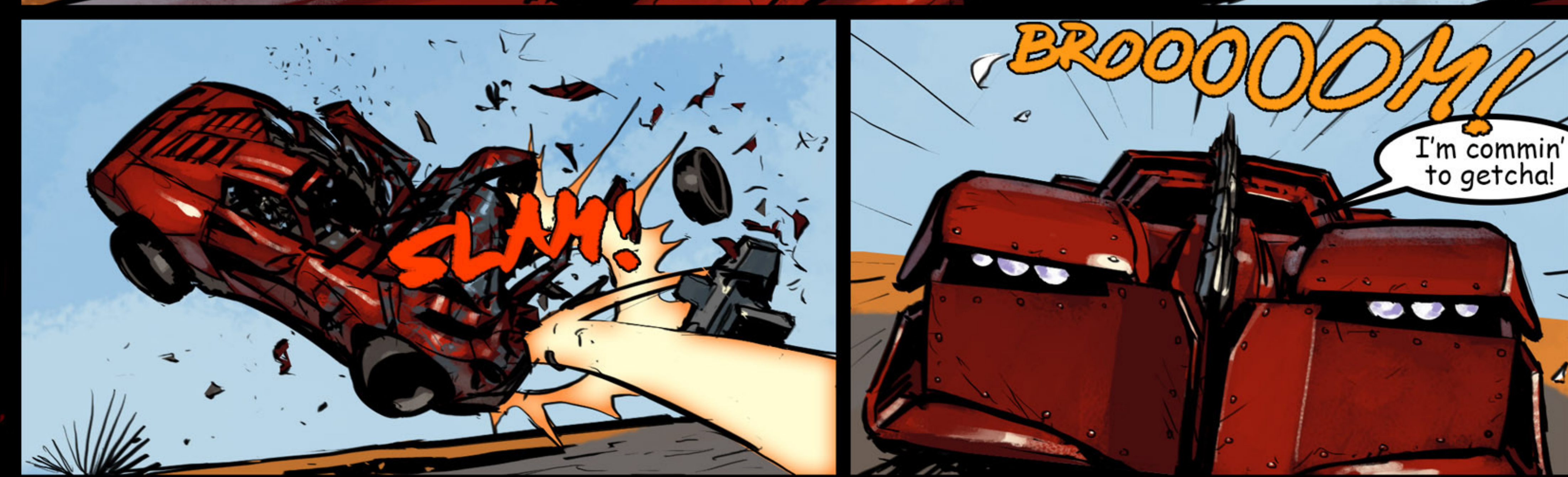
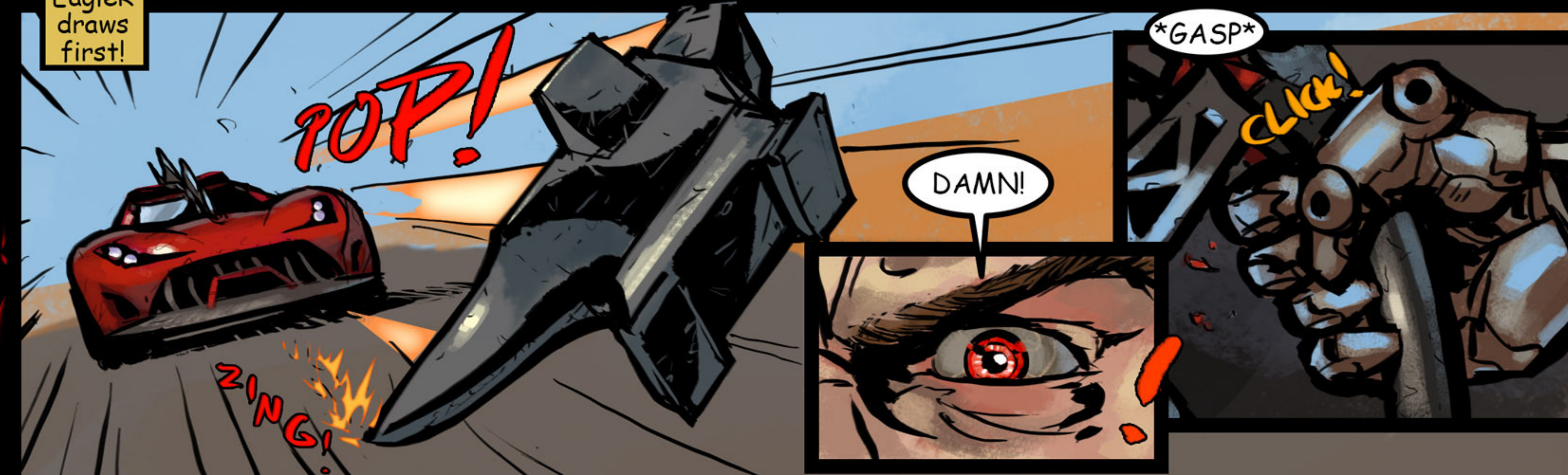


Hey there, OLD me...



Time to meet the NEW me!

EagleR draws first!



Round one goes to the "old Max"...

...Well, take it up with the MagNuChem legal department!

But you had no business being in that sector, and what's more, MagNuChem never accept liability!

KLANK!

VRoooo...

But I don't blame MagNuChem!

I blame you! And YOU will PAY!

Back underground, Hammerhead and Stig are hard at it.

You did THITH to me!

Now THUCK some BALLTH!

HIT!

PL-PL-FLOP!

Thit! How did I-?

Wha-FUCK!

The low profile Project-X is at an advantage...

HAH! You lisping LUMMOX!

Take THIS!

PUSH!

THTOOPID!

BZZT-SMASH

Hammerhead Smacks Stig's Bitch UP...

Thay "goodbye" Thith is where it endth for you.

BOOP!

AWW! Oil Thlickth from my Arth.

PFFPRRP

Stig's luck has deserted him...

Well, this has been fun. But now I think it's time to use one of MagNuChem's very best...

CLICK!

It's Pelvic Thrust Time.

POW!

NO! NOO!

YOU CAN'T

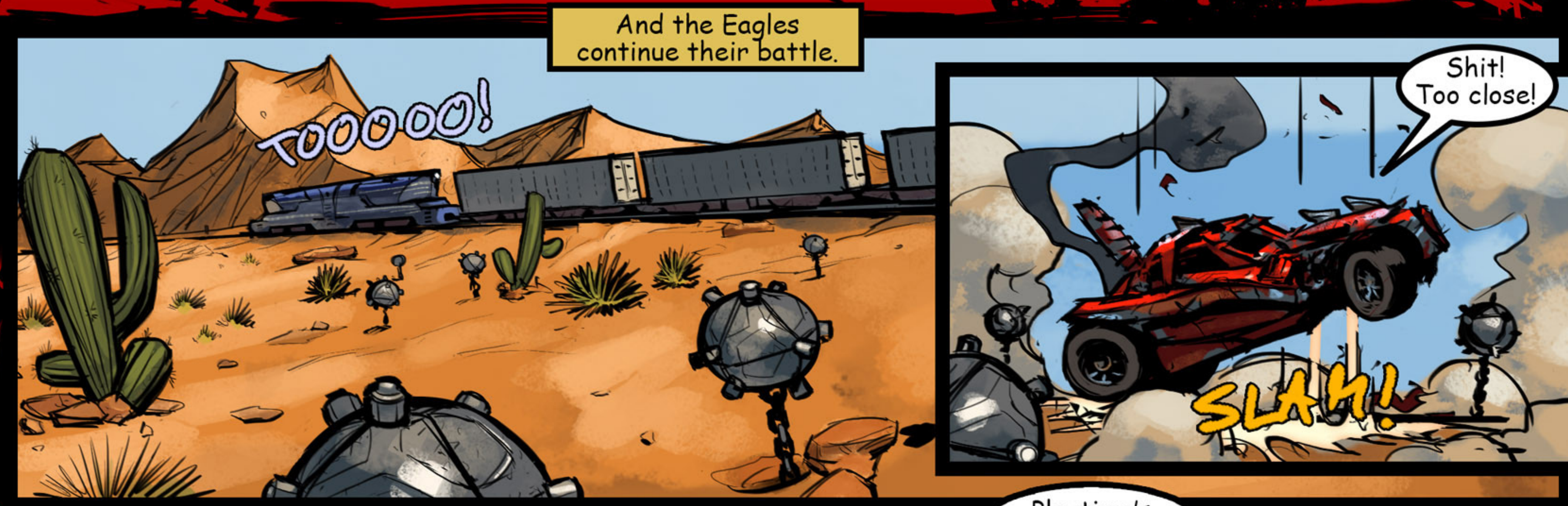
KERRANG!

Cheeves! Change of plan! These caverns will make a great race track!

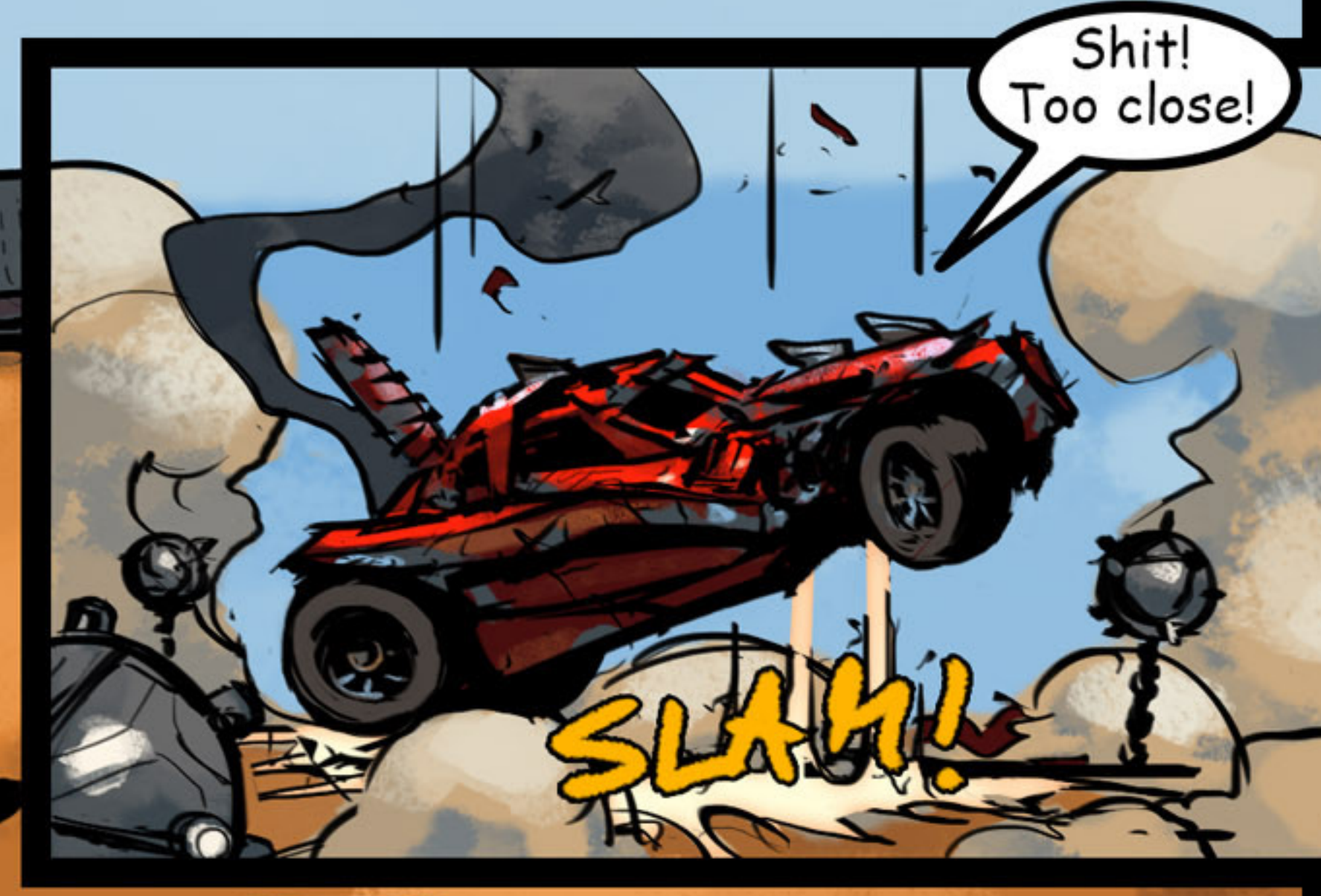
THERE. Thanks for the sport, Stig.

KRRH KRRH KRRH

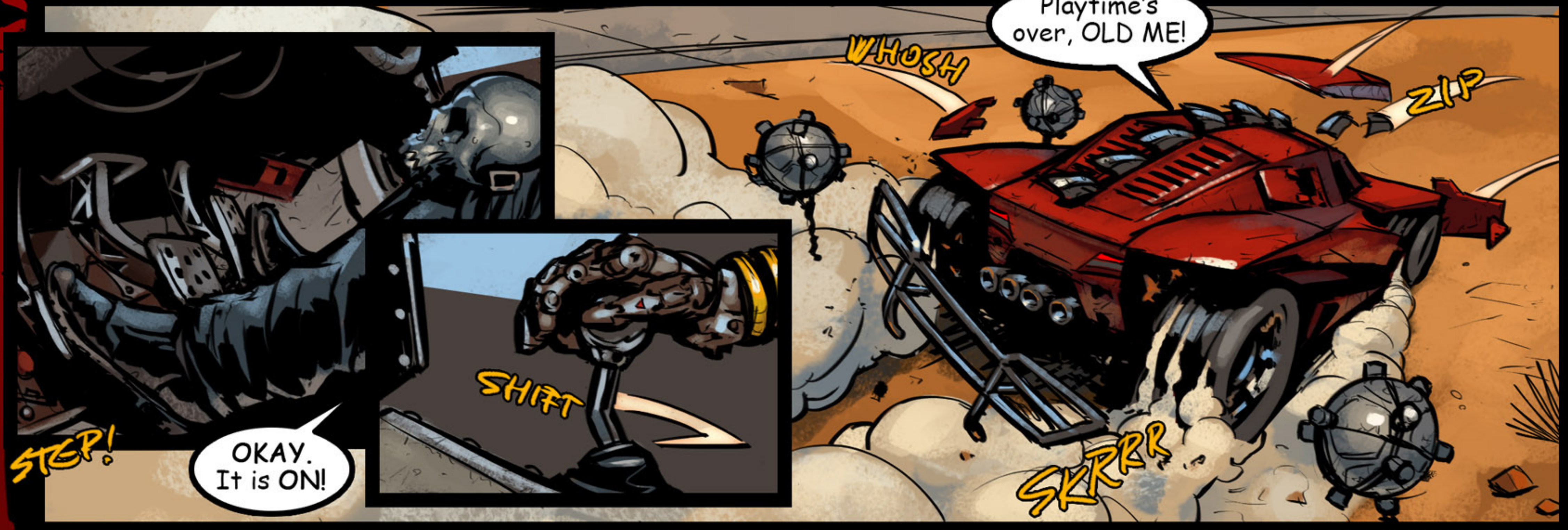
Hammerhead races off towards the surface, leaving the pile of scrap.



And the Eagles continue their battle.



SLAM!



WHOSH

ZIP

SKRRR

SHIFT

STEP!

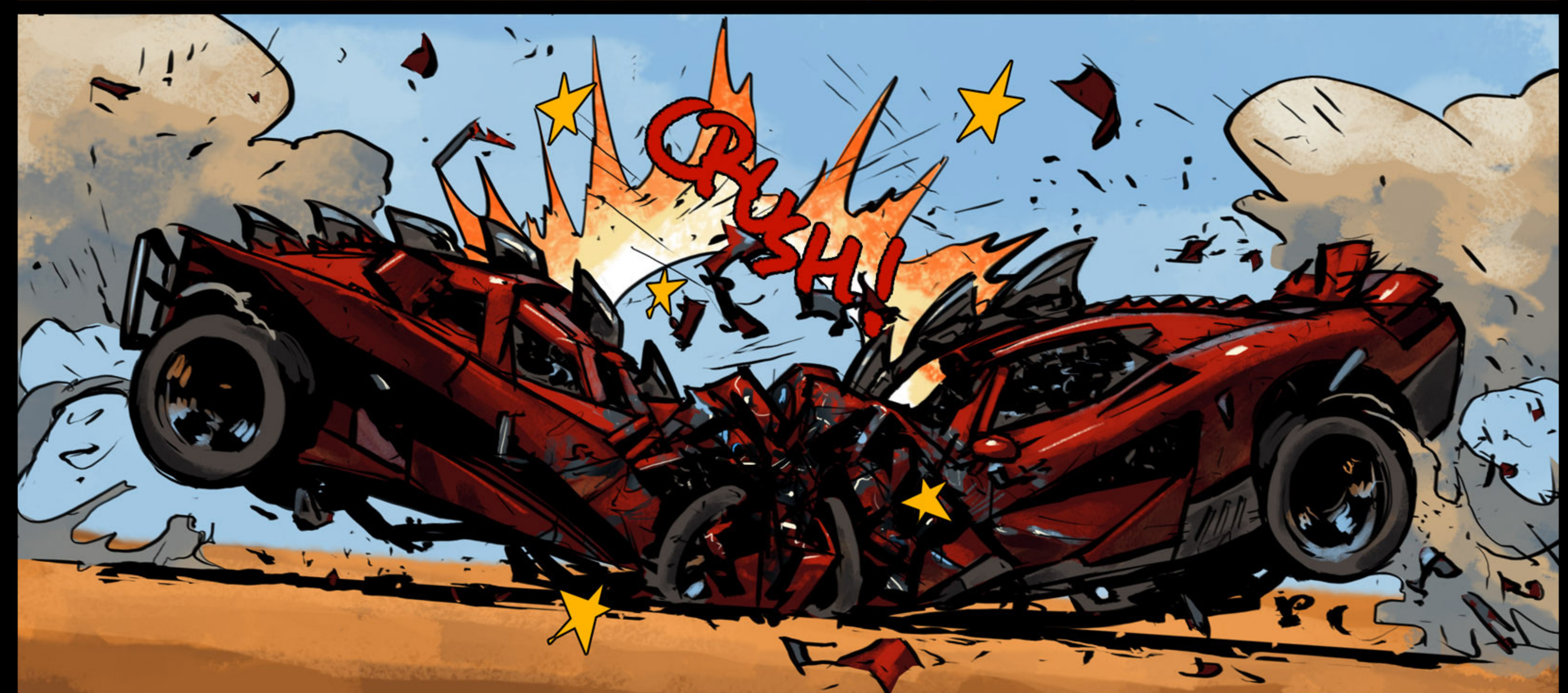
OKAY. It is ON!



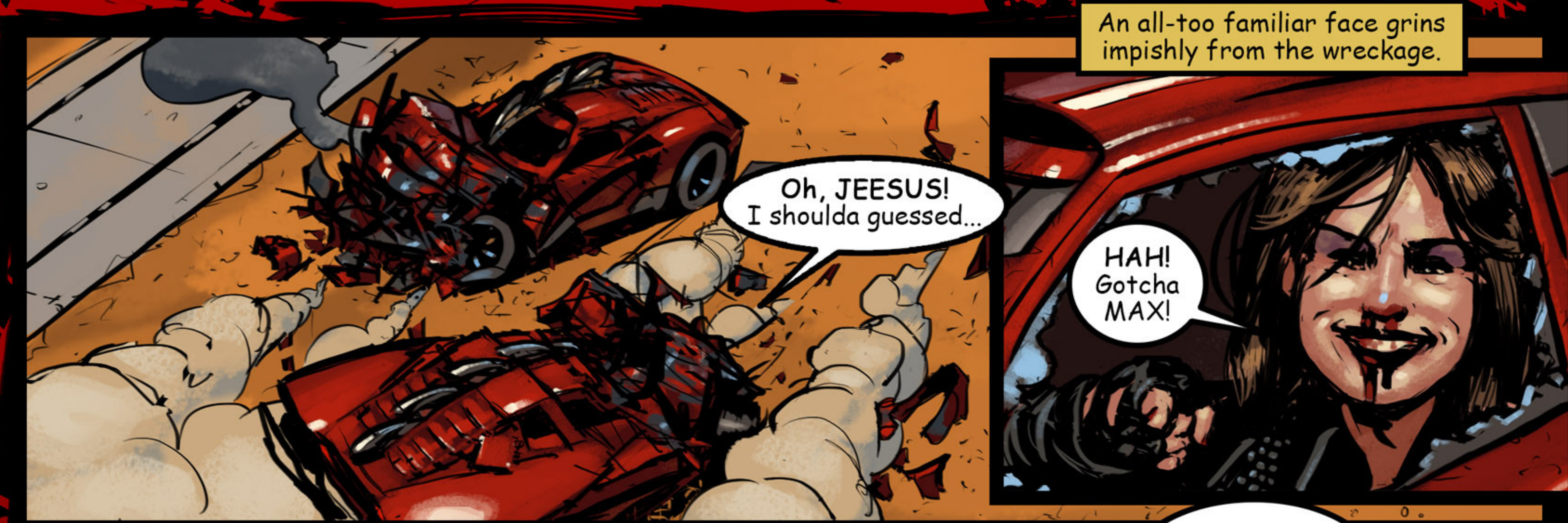
VRoooooooooooo!



TOOOOOO!



CRASH!



Oh, JEEESUS!
I shoulda guessed...



HAH!
Gotcha
MAX!



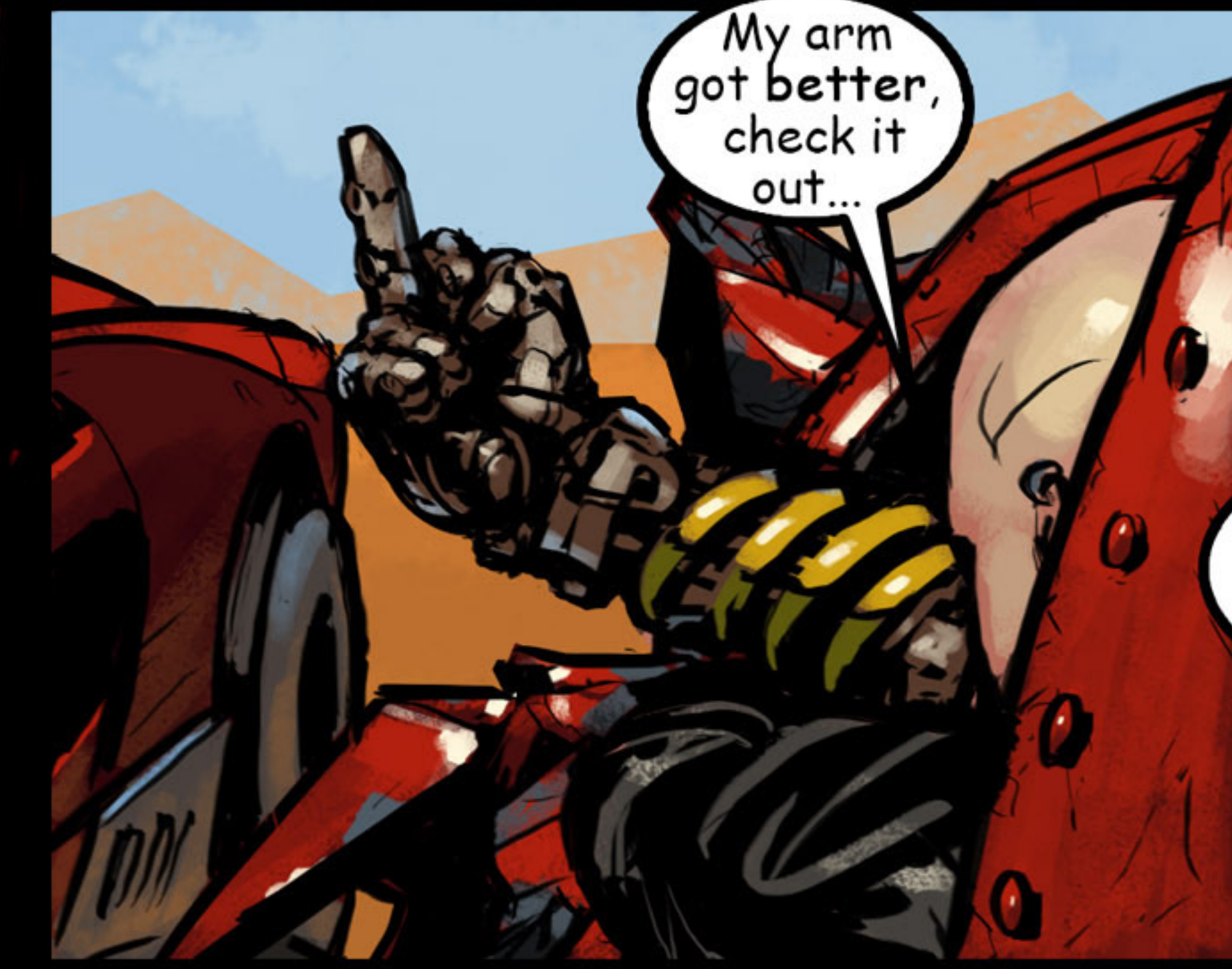
Rogue AI
my ass!

You stole
the Eagle!



It just looked
so sad and lonely
...but mostly
armless.

Oh
wait no,
that was
you!



My arm
got better,
check it
out...



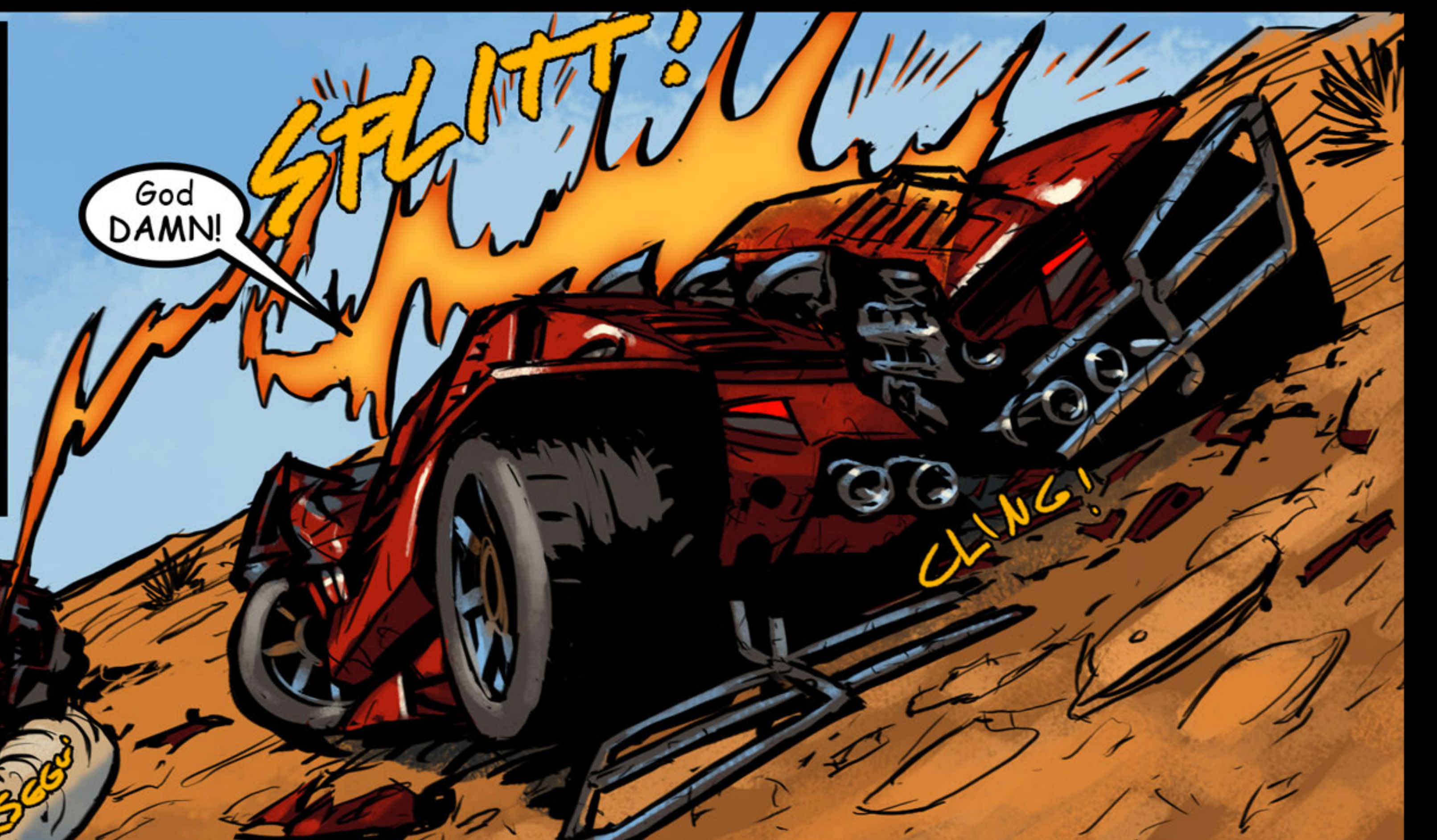
Aw that's
cute! I'm real
happy for ya,
Max.



Anyways,
it was nice to
see you again,
but...



I gotta
split!



God
DAMN!

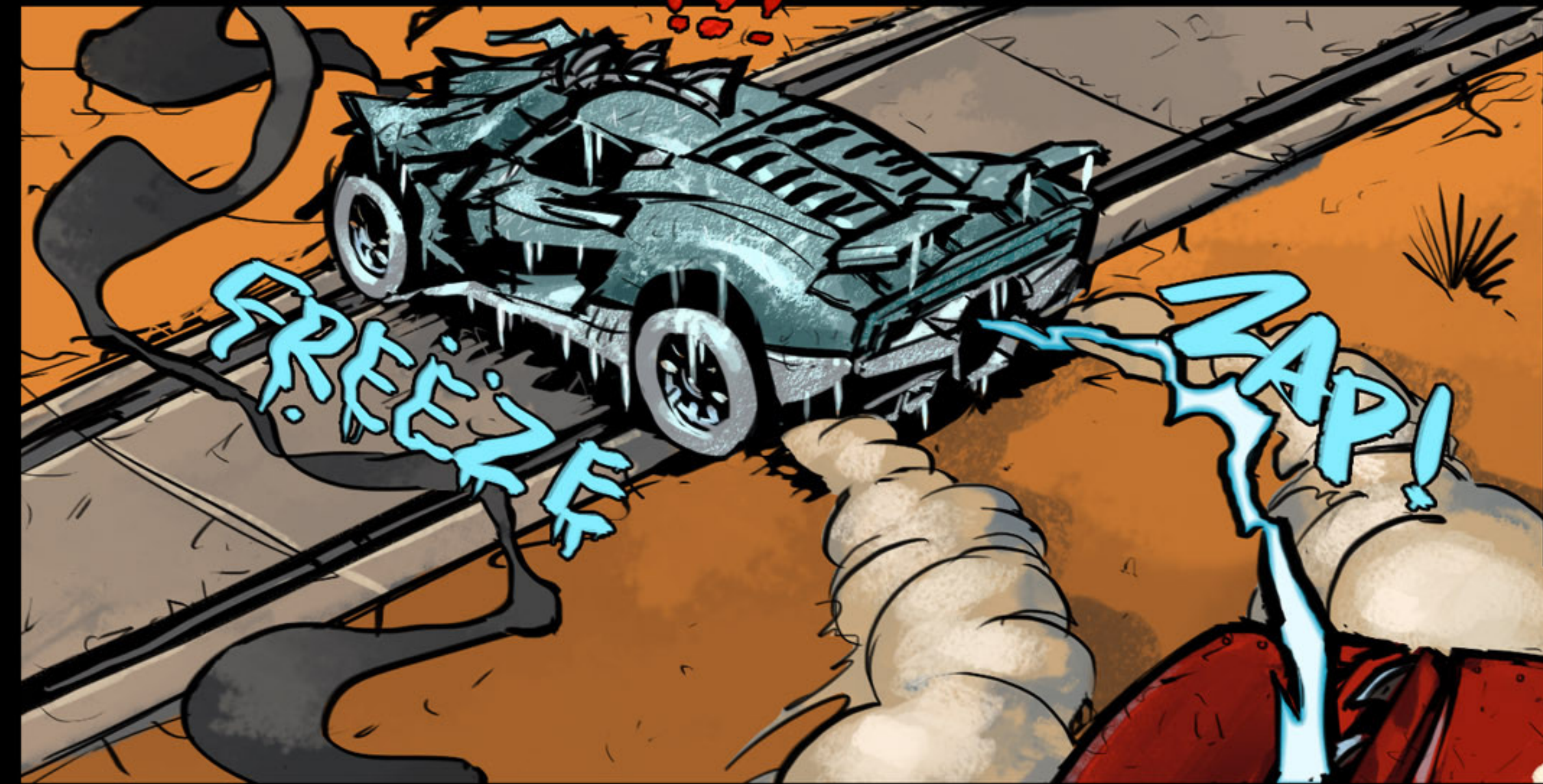
SPLITT!

CLING!

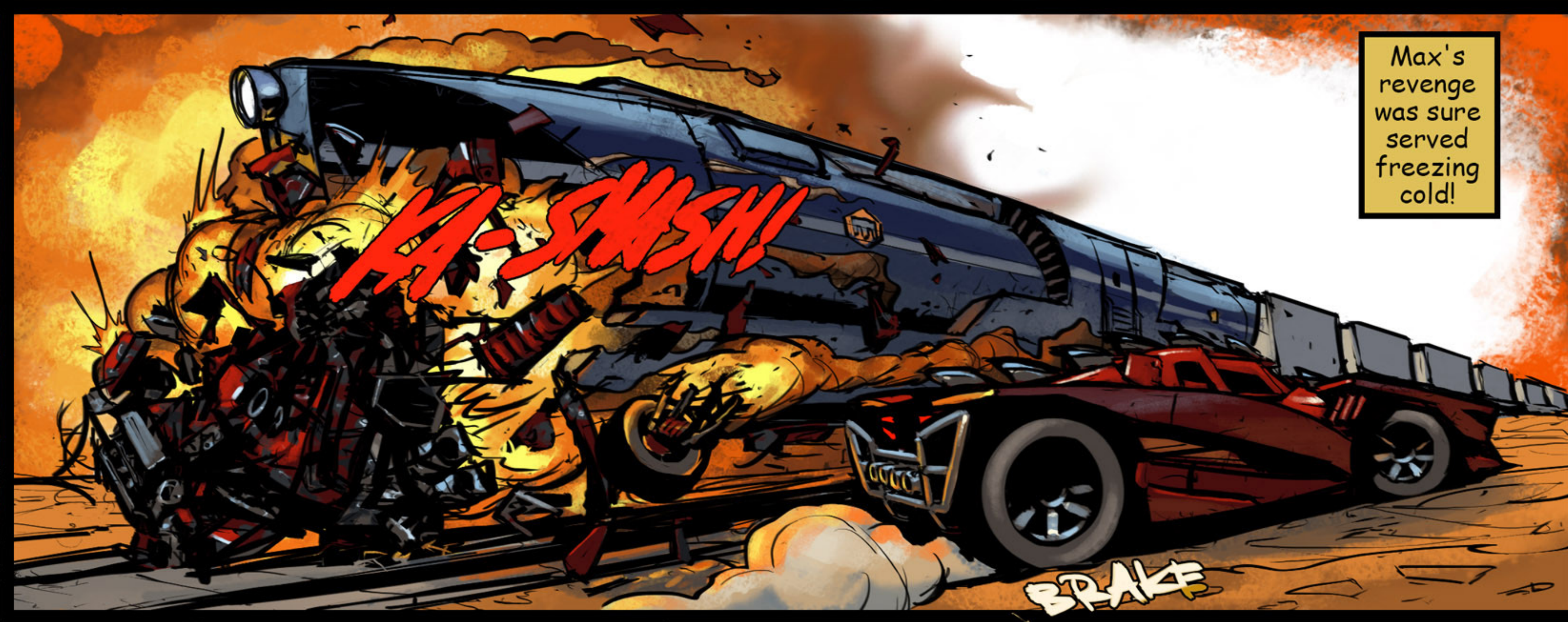
REVERSE!



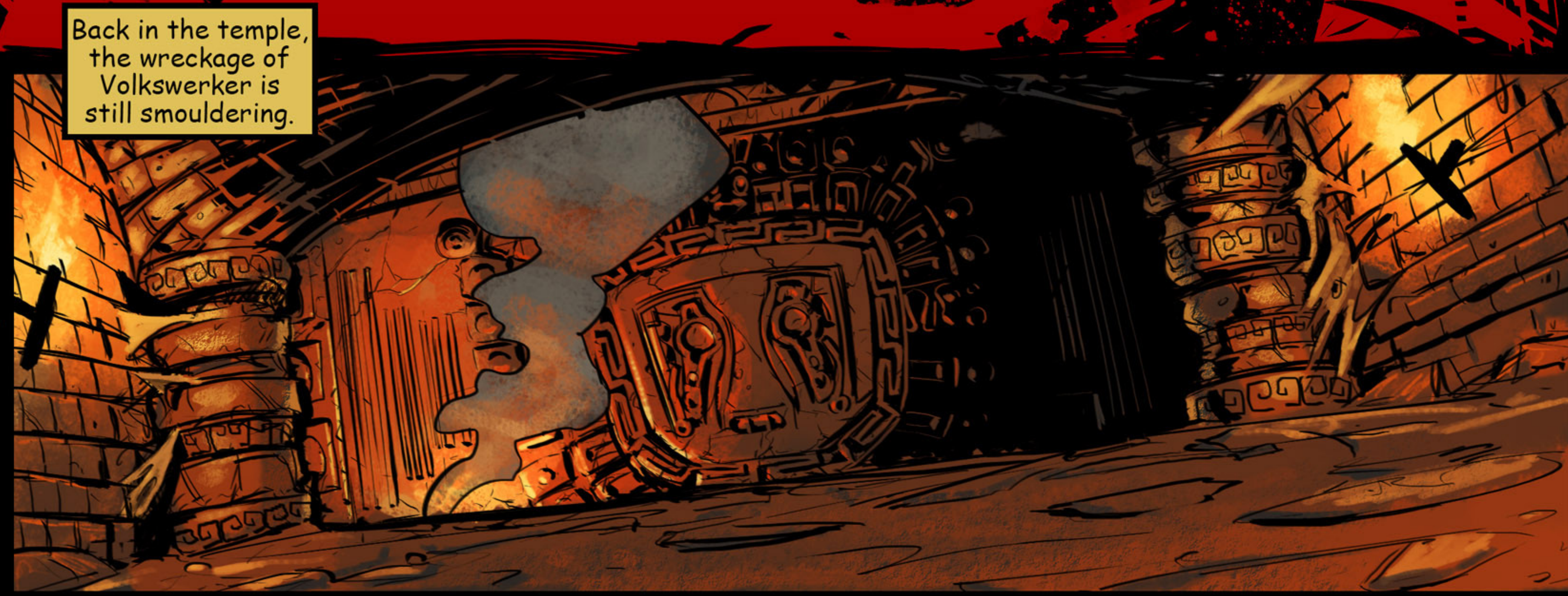
But Max is quick with the repair.



Why don't you chill out for a bit?



Max's revenge was sure served freezing cold!



Something moves, disturbing the wreckage.



The Brothers Grimm have been combing through the twisted remains...



The End. Of the beginning of The End...

CARMAGEDDON MAX DAMAGE



OUT NOW!

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